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Hetalia)) A ship

**hetalia**

67 2 7

Chapter 1 by Laura

(Only one ship can be chosen for the whole thing. Don't say the names at all only imply what ship it is)

I met him at a bar. Sure, it wasn't the best place, but at the time it was good enough. I was trying to forget life. Like anyone would. I asked for another drink. That's when he sat down next to me and said his name. I thought he was talking to someone else until I learned that he was looking right at me. It scared me.

"What do you want?"

"Nothing, you just looked like someone who needed someone to talk to." He was right. I had to admit. I laughed in my half-drunken stupor. That's all it really took for the conversation to start.

That's all it took for us to start.

Chapter 2 by Madalyn IsAlive



"So you come here often?" And there it was the cheesy pick-up line that starts everything.

"Really, bastardo, a pick-up line?" We both chuckle at the thought. "Hey, it was worth a shot." His green eyes, the colour of emeralds, stare into my murky hazel orbs. In my drunken state, I end up resting my head on his sturdy shoulders and slurring, "Well, it worked, quite well."

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As I sit in a drunken stupor, I realize that I have to get home. I don't know how I got here, or where I am. I just know that I need to get home. I stand up and walk towards the door, my legs feeling unsteady. I take a deep breath and step outside, the cool night air hitting my face. I look around, trying to find my way home. I see a street sign that says "Main Street" and follow it. I walk for a few minutes, my mind racing with thoughts. I finally reach a familiar building, my heart racing with excitement. I take a deep breath and knock on the door. The door opens, and I see my parents' faces. They look relieved to see me. I hug them both tightly, grateful to be home.

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He approaches slowly, as if he's hunting something; hunting me. I smile my charming half-smile, putting my arms around his neck and continuing to sway to the music.

"Would you care to get out of here?" he asks in his mesmerizing accented voice. I nod, not trusting myself to speak. "My place or yours, mi tomate?"

I notice for the first time that I'm blushing bright red, and I hide my face in his broad chest.

"Yours, I guess, bastardo."

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